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[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE.]

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From the Keokuk Dispatch.
ADDRESS TO THE FLIES.

You buzzing, bawling, filthy race,
With open hand I'll give you chase;
You shall not rest upon my face,
As I'm a sinner,
E'en should I fail to ask for grace
Over my dinner.

You have no manners; not a whit,
Right on my pudding there you sit,
As if you owned it every bit.
The dish and all;
But faith I'll give you such a hit,
I guess you'll fall.

Down there you go, plump in the butter;
Now buzz and kick, and sprawl and splutter,
You're welcome now to frisk and flutter,
And bite, I'll risk ye;
You're safe as drunkards in a gutter,
Skunkful of whisky.

Mind there, Miss Fly, what you're about,
The pot contains no cream nor krait,
And when you're in you'll find it out.
By strength of mustard;
But, faith, I'm glad you took that route
And missed the custard.

With eyes protruding from your pates,
You cling like "settlers" to the plates,
Especially to mistress Kate's;
But, faith, you'd better leave the States,
Than have her seize you!

When in my chair I take my dose,
You perch yourself right on my nose,
Or else you creep beneath my clothes,
And act unwell;
You would disturb in his repose
The Spirit of all Evil!

You should not bite young lasses so,
Through stocking holes about the toe,
You know they'd blush before a beau
To stoop and scratch it;
And knowing that's a tender toe,
Please do not bite it.

Your impudence I can't abide,
Miss Fly; if you had shame or pride,
My pen you would not thus bestride
Without a saddle;
And while I write, stick on to ride,
Squaw like, astraddle.

Oh! for one cold December night,
With stormy winds to fiercely fight,
To drive these hateful plagues from sight;
Back to old Cairo,
Where Moses called them forth to bite
The host of Pharaoh!

R. W. R.

From the Ladies' Wealth.

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

BY MRS. SOPHROXIA CURRIER.

It was a fair morning in early June. The first beams of the rising sun were streaming through the lattice window of a low thatched cottage, dotting over the foliage of the oak which stretched its great arms sheltering over the dwelling, brightening the eyes of the sweet flowers which peeped out from among the dark green leaves of the vine clustering around the doorway, and changing to a wave of light the softly-flowing, rippling stream, which, in its sinuous course to the Connecticut, wound past the humble abode.

Louder and sweeter, as the sun came up from the east, rang out the notes of the wild birds in the dark forest, more merrily sang the robin in the old roof tree, and right gleefully trilled the pet bobolink in his cage; and within the dwelling as the bright beams played around their little cribs when the fresh morning air lifted the snowy curtain from the window, a troop of curly haired, rosy-cheeked children opened eyes as bright as the early flower or the sparkling dew-drop, and as they leaped from their low beds, the carol of their young voices was sweet and merry as the morning bird's free, glad song.

Busily arranging her breakfast table was the mother of the children, a fair, delicate woman, with deep blue, gentle eyes, and a smile peaceful and happy as that which rested on the face of the little cherub to whom the glance of the mother was so often directed, and to whom she was so often leaning her head, and to whom she was so often leaning her head, and to whom she was so often leaning her head.

The children came bounding into the apartment, with difficulty restraining their merry shouts when they perceived the baby was sleeping, and wholly unable to suppress a loud laugh when Harry, the youngest of them, suddenly found himself rolling on the floor with a cold nose rubbing over his cheeks and among his sunny hair.

That little white face had, for some minutes, been peeping in at the cottage door, and when the children made their appearance, Cossie came frisking into the room. Mary a tumble did Harry and the pet lamb have, to the infinite amusement of the other children, before the little boy could get on his feet again, for Cossie had rather the best end of the affair.

But the pet had to suffer for all such frolics—he was obliged to take his breakfast out of Harry's bowl of bread and milk; the little creature knew very well what the penalty was, for when the child took his seat with his breakfast on a stool before him, the lamb came and put his nose in the dish.

The morning repast was prepared, and Mrs. Stanwood, bidding her eldest boy, Willie, call his father, peered out the coffee, and taking the babe in her

arms, sat down to the table. But Willie could not find his father anywhere; he was not "in the garden, nor in the shed, nor down the street."

"Well, he will soon be in!" said Mrs. Stanwood, "take your bread and milk, Willie; you hear the cow lowing for her pasture."

The children finished their breakfast and went out; Harry and Annette—the two youngest, next the baby, to their play, and little Susy to gather fresh flowers to place in the cottage window, while Stephen—her twin brother, and Willie, drove the cow to the pasture.

But the father had not appeared. The steam had ceased curling up from the white loaf, the yellow butter was beginning to look oily, and the coffee was almost cold. More and more frequently was the glance of the wife turned from the sewing she had taken in her hand, towards the window. Her husband had never caused her so to wait for him before. An hour passed; where could he be? Mrs. Stanwood began to be alarmed, and she had just decided to send Willie to the village in search of him, when Susy came running into the house.

"Mother," she said, opening her little dark eyes wide with astonishment, "father has gone away—very far away! He went last night when the moon was shining; I heard the clock strike twelve after he went out!"

"Gone away? what do you mean, child?" asked Mrs. Stanwood. "I thought it was a dream, mother," said Susy, "but it was not! Father came into the room and kissed us all as he always does before he goes to bed, and I heard him whisper about going very far away over the ocean and not coming back any more. But father will come back again, will he not, mother?" and Susy burst into tears.

Mrs. Stanwood rose from her seat and opened a closet. Her husband's every day coat and cap were there, but the new hat, and the suit of clothes he had brought home a day or two before, were gone; his linen had all disappeared, the box in which he kept his money and papers was entirely empty, and his traveling trunk was not to be found! Mrs. Stanwood walked across the floor, and placing the babe in its cradle, sat down beside it, but only for a moment did she retain her seat; and then, with a low, deep groan, she fell fainting on the floor.

How that day passed, and how passed many other days and weeks, even to the deserted woman, she could not afterwards tell; the blow was so terrible—so unexpected!

From the moment when the handsome young stranger, whom she had seen a few times at the church of which her father was the rector, came and sat down beside her as she knelt alone, a poor orphan, beside the new-made grave of that father, took her cold hand in his, told her of his love, and begged her to become his wife—from that moment till the night of his desertion, though ten years had since passed away, never had she addressed an unkind word to her; never had a look, but of love and approval, met her glance. She had believed, what had been true in her own case, that each passing year more and more satisfied him that his hasty choice of a partner was well made.

They had always been poor. On leaving England, her husband had but enough to procure them a passage to New York, but by his industry and good management of his wife, though her health was delicate, and though "the poor man's blessing," was bestowed on them almost yearly, they had always lived comfortably, and at length the thatched cottage the family now occupied, and the few acres of land about it, had become their own.

"Poor in this world's goods, but rich in you, my Mary!" How often had these words been whispered in her ear, as a warm cheek was pressed to hers not a week before he left her, had they made her heart leap for joy.

It was no wonder that the deserted woman sank under this dreadful blow, that nothing short of the dangerous illness of one of her children was able to call her dying energy back to life. Stephen was taken suddenly and severely ill that for several days his life was despaired of, and the daily attendance of a physician was necessary for nearly two weeks; but on the day that he was pronounced out of danger, a conviction was forced on the heart of Mrs. Stanwood, which made her almost wish that Heaven had taken the dear boy to itself—the conviction was that she was poor, and consequently friendless.

The physician sent in his bill for attendance on the child, and Mrs. Stanwood went instinctively to the money box; but as she put her hand on the lid, she remembered that it was empty, and worse than that, she knew not where the sum she required could be obtained.

As she sat, after the departure of the doctor's boy, who had replied to her very rudely, when he was told that she was at present unable to pay the bill, but would do so at the earliest moment possible—vainly attempting to discover some way by which to procure the money, a spruce-dressed young man, with small, sharp features, a cadaverous complexion, and light blue, restless eyes, came with a quiet, uneasy gait, to Mrs. Stanwood's cottage, and knocked, hesitatingly, at the door.

It was Mr. Owen, the storekeeper, who, during the three years he had been

doing business at Oakdale, had not lost, it was said, a single debt. The doctor's boy had stepped into the store, on his way home from Mrs. Stanwood's and had informed Mr. Owen of the result of his call on the lady. For a moment after the youth went out, the storekeeper, who had no other customers in his shop, stood lost in thought; and then, after closing his shop door, he turned over hastily the pages of his day-book. For the little business he did, it must have been the register of some months back at which the young man was looking, but yet he dipped his pen in ink, and added several lines to his accounts, and after drawing up a bill which he put in his pocket, he started for Mrs. Stanwood's.

Mr. Owen was a very polite, gentlemanly young man. He was very happy to find Mrs. Stanwood and her family so well; he hoped they were getting along very comfortably. He had called to see if she would like to sell her cow; he was expecting to commence house-keeping soon, and would like to purchase one.

Mrs. Stanwood could not spare her; milk was half her children's living.

"I suppose you would hardly know how to do without her," said Mr. Owen, "but I thought it would be more agreeable to you to settle with me by letting me have the cow than it would to—"

and the young man, interrupting himself, pulled the bill from his pocket.

"Settle with you, sir?" said Mrs. Stanwood, "you have no demands against me!"

"Your husband, madam!—you will recollect he had several articles of me a few weeks before he—, a barrel of flour, Mrs. Stanwood, fifteen pounds of sugar, a keg of molasses, and several other articles, amounting in all to a trifle more than twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars?" repeated Mrs. Stanwood, "my husband never had an account at a store, sir! There was a tone of incredulity in her voice, but the unsuspicious Mr. Owen did not notice it.

"Probably you have not always been acquainted with his manner of doing business," remarked the young man. "Your husband, my dear madam, has proved himself to be a very different person from what you, or any one else suspected!" and there was a look of great commiseration on his countenance.

A deep flush overspread the lady's pale face; but were not his words true? "I cannot pay you to-day, sir!" she said, as she rose from her seat and turned from her visitor, "I will see what I can do to-morrow."

"I hope you will, madam!" returned Mr. Owen as he took up his hat to go, "for," he added in a very mild but emphatic tone, "I should be extremely sorry to give you any trouble!"

Mrs. Stanwood knew very well what the young man meant by trouble—she knew that unless the twenty dollars was paid him immediately, an attachment would be laid on her property; and she feared from the remark of the doctor's son, that his father would take the same means to collect his dues. But where was the thirty dollars to come from? and where was she to obtain means to supply the daily wants of her family?

The stock of provisions in the house when her husband left her, three months had very nearly exhausted. Her garden would supply her with food for the winter, but she could see no way to procure bread for her children till the harvest was ripe, except by a means she dreaded to resort to—the hiring of money.

With an aching heart she put on shawl and bonnet, and called at the office of Squire Jilison, an honest, but rough, coarse man, and requested the loan of forty dollars.

Mr. Jilison opened his great grey eyes and stared on her in utter astonishment. "Did I understand you, madam?"

"I presume so, sir!" answered the lady. "I wish to hire forty dollars. I have occasion for the immediate use of that sum."

The Squire looked at her as if he supposed her entirely demented. "I should be pleased to oblige you, madam," he said, "but you certainly cannot expect me to let you have that sum without security, and you have no security to give."

"No security, sir!" said Mrs. Stanwood. "I hope to be able to pay you in the autumn; for we shall have very fine fruit this year, considerably more than will be needed in my family. But without the prospect of immediate payment, you should you hesitate to loan me that sum? The cottage we occupy is our own!"

A broad smile passed over the ugly features of the man. "You know not, then, of the existence of this instrument," he said, as he put a paper in her hands.

Mrs. Stanwood unfolded it; for an instant she could see nothing but the name of her husband affixed to the document, but the words of the brute before her, made her glance over the paper.

which should not be harvested till after the twentieth of September, madam, belong to me!"

"Can it be possible?" shrieked Mrs. Stanwood, wringing her hands in agony, "am I not dreaming? Must not this be a forgery?"

"Madam!" exclaimed Mr. Jilison, and his grey eyes flashed with indignation, "a forgery did you say? Mr. Stanwood was always a very worthy, upright man, and a kind neighbor. I have no doubt but he had very good and sufficient reasons for treating you as he has done!"

The remark was scarcely heeded by the lady, the thoughts of her family so absorbed her. "Oh, my children! what will become of you?" she exclaimed, while bitter, scalding tears rained down her face—"no home, no food, and your mother friendless!"

"There is a pauper's refuge!" said Squire Jilison, "half a dozen children, and their mother will be quite a burden on Oakdale, though!"

Mrs. Stanwood drew her shawl about her and rushed out of the office; it seemed impossible to breathe in the presence of that man, but the choking sensation did not pass away when she found herself again in the street.

The next day the cow was sold, and fortunately she brought a sum sufficient to satisfy the demands of the storekeeper and the doctor, but nothing more. For a few nights the two little ones—Nettie and Harry, cried themselves to sleep because they could have no milk for their suppers, but very soon the bit of dry bread was eaten with great avidity, and when the flour barrel was empty, the roasted potato, or the baked apple.

No doubt there were people in Oakdale, who, had they known the situation and real character of Mrs. Stanwood, would have relieved her necessities, and in such a manner, too, that her sensitive heart would not have suffered; but she discovered, on application to some whom she had considered her friends, for an employment to enable her to procure bread for her children, that the idea which Mr. Jilison had thrown out, was cherished by almost every one.

Mr. Stanwood was a very sociable man, and he was known and respected by every body in Oakdale, while his wife, who was naturally rather reserved and retiring, was almost a stranger among the people; consequently the husband had all the sympathy, while the poor, suffering woman richly deserved her fate!

September was fast passing away. Half the month was already gone. Very early one morning, Mrs. Stanwood arose from her sleepless pillow, but instead of preparing breakfast, she sat down to a piece of sewing she had procured from a tailor's shop a few days previous, and eagerly plied her needle.

While the trembling fingers seemed hardly able to draw the thread through the thick, hard cloth. The poor woman had nothing to prepare for breakfast, for the day previous Mr. Jilison had forbidden her taking anything more from the garden. She had not eaten a morsel of food since yesterday noon, and Willie and Susy had gone supperless to bed.

No tear came to her eye as she sat there with the fresh morning air fanning her pale, sunken cheek, and the songs of the early birds filling her with melody; not even when her glance strayed from the window to the pleasant scenery about the home, no longer her own; only a sigh, so low and deep that it must have come from her inmost heart, told how she was suffering; but when a light, quick tread was heard beneath her window, and as she looked from it, a little white face was upturned to hers, and the low soft bleat for his companions came to her ear, the tears did come fast and thick; and opening the door, she stooped to caress the pet lamb. He had been promised the day before, to the butcher, but it seemed to Mrs. Stanwood like parting her family to dispose of him. Her husband had found him on a cold day in early spring, and had brought him home, almost lifeless; only the tender care of herself and children had made him the healthfully sprightly thing he was, and so much was her family attached to him that only to keep from starving could she have consented to part with him. She had hoped that the butcher would send for him before the children were waked, but their voices were already heard, and Mr. Brown was not making his appearance.

"Last night," Mrs. Stanwood heard Willie say to his brothers and sisters, "last night mother sent me with a bill to the butcher's, and don't you think, Mr. Brown's boy was killing lambs—dear little lambs, almost as white and pretty as Cossie is! Their eyes were so bright, and they looked so gently and innocent when he took his long sharp knife and drew it across their necks!—Oh! I dreamed about it all night!"

"Almost as white and pretty as Cossie is!" sobbed little Susy. "And did they die?" lisped Nettie. "Yes, the blood ran all over their white fleeces," returned Willie, "and then their eyes grew dim, and they could never stir again!"

"Well, it was you, wasn't it, Cossie?" said little Harry as he bounded into the room, and twined his arms around the neck of the pet lamb, burying his rosy face in the snowy fleeces. "Nobody shall ever hurt you, shall they, mother? and when my father comes home, you shall eat milk again with me, Cossie!"

Mrs. Stanwood put two melons on a dish which she placed on Willie's hand. "You can make a breakfast of these, can you not, children?" she asked. "You shall have bread for dinner!"

The little things readily assented. "We will go out under the tree, down by the well," said Stephen; "come, Cossie!" and Willie, carrying the dish, and Susy a knife to cut the melons, ran out of the cottage.

They had hardly seated themselves on the ground, when heavy footsteps were near them, and looking up, they perceived the burly form of Mr. Brown, the butcher, approaching the house followed by his boy with a wheelbarrow. The older children glanced at each other.

"They can't be coming after Cossie, can they, Susy?" whispered Stephen, putting his arms about the lamb, and pressing him close to his bosom. "What did mother send a billet to him for, Willie?"

Willie did not know. The knife dropped from Susy's hand, and she sat anxiously gazing on the butcher as he approached the cottage door, and at the first word which he addressed to her mother the child sprang to her feet, and ran to her parent's side; but when Mr. Brown looked at her, and his great dog came close before her, she dared not speak, but stood pulling her mother by the sleeve, and wiping with her apron the fast flowing tears from her cheeks.

"There, ma'am, is all I can give you!" said Mr. Brown, extending his hand, on which lay four half dollars.

"Wood is low, and I could not afford to give you as much as that, only I want him to kill to-night!"

How little Susy pulled at her mother's sleeve, and how her tears streamed!

"I must let you have him," returned Mrs. Stanwood, "or I can give my children no food to-day; but pay me all you can afford for him, sir! I know not where I shall obtain anything more for my family!"

"Go away, you great butcher boy!" exclaimed little Harry, pressing his hand against Dick Brown, as the lad advanced with the rope to bind the lamb. "You shan't have my Cossie, you great wicked boy! you would kill him!" and the little fellow's upturned face expressed all the indignation which he felt.

"Steve! Steve!" whispered Willie, putting one hand on his brother's shoulder, while with the other he pointed to the forest, "let Cossie go—let him go! I will call him up there where nobody can find him!"

But Stephen could not trust the lamb out of his arms, he only clasped him more tightly about the neck, while the little bare-footed Nettie was kneeling beside him, trying to coax him to eat the handful of grass she had plucked for him. Cossie's dear little white face looking all the while as calm and unconcerned as if nothing was the matter.

However, the lamb was bound, and notwithstanding the cries of the children, Dick Brown put him on his wheelbarrow, and started away with him, his father, who had added another dollar to the price of the lamb, following with him at a short distance. Mrs. Stanwood wiped away the tears, which, as soon as the butcher's back was turned, gushed from her eyes, and calling the children into the house, tried to explain to them why it was necessary that their little companion should be sold; and she put in the hand of Willie a piece of silver, telling him to go to the baker's and get a nice loaf of bread for their breakfast; but the child put back the bit in his mother's lap; he could not eat bread bought with that money, and Stephen repeated his brother's words.

The mother offered the money to Susy, but the little girl only put her apron to her face and sobbed aloud.

"My children, do you love me?" said Mrs. Stanwood, in a voice of agony.

"No, we don't love you, you wicked mother!" exclaimed Harry, looking boldly in her face, "and my father don't love you, either! He won't come home to see you any more!" and the other children were silent, only Nettie, still holding the grass in her apron, was trying to coax Willie to run after the butcher, and get back Cossie.

The children had never before disobeyed their mother, and her heart sank under this new grief. "Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "surely the night of sorrow is now at its deepest gloom; when will the morning come?" and she took from the shelf, where it had long lain unopened, the family Bible.

In her bitter grief she had forgotten till now, the book from which her husband had always read to his family in the morning. It had been placed on the breakfast table the day after he had left home, but was returned again to the shelf, unopened, and had not since been removed. But every other support was now taken away, and Mrs. Stanwood looked again at that which, alone, was unfailing. As she opened the book, two papers fell from it. One containing bank bills to the amount, so the envelope said, of one hundred dollars; and the other was a letter addressed to herself by her husband, dated the evening before he had left his home.

The lady opened the letter and read the closing lines, and then, putting in Willie's hand the money, she had received from the butcher, she said— "Run, run to Mr. Brown, and give him

this, and ask him to please let you have the lamb again!"

Willie took the money and ran out of the house, but little Susy waited to kiss her mother before she could follow the other children, all of whom had started after the lamb, Harry calling, at the top of his voice—"Butcher boy, butcher boy, bring back my Cossie!"

Mrs. Stanwood, with the tears of joy streaming over her face, sat down to read her letter. It ran as follows:

"MR. DEAR MARY.—I am about to leave you for a brief space, and have just been in your room to tell you of my contemplated journey, and my reasons for taking it; but you are sleeping so calmly and peacefully, and you so much need the rest of which your little one has deprived you many nights, that I cannot wake you to grief. So sleep on, my darling, and gather strength for the morrow. You should have been made acquainted with my plans ere now, but I had not expected, until an hour since, to commence my journey for two weeks to come, and I knew the thoughts of my absence would so much distress you, that I wished to delay as long as possible the infliction of this pain. Do not grieve too much, Mary, my absence will be short. You have heard me speak of a bachelor uncle in England, but I have never told you of his situation in life, nor of the intentions he once cherished towards me. My uncle, whose name I bear, is possessed of immense wealth, acquired by himself, but not early enough in life to ensure him the attainment of the other object he had promised himself he would acquire—a connection with the nobility, and when convinced that he could not form the alliance he desired, he adopted me, an orphan of fifteen, as his son and heir, and designed to make of me the link between himself and greatness. I knew not what were the intentions of my uncle towards me till after I had seen you, Mary! and when I told him of the—, but it is no matter in what terms I described you to him, he was not well pleased.

"The old gentleman probably saw farther into my heart than I was myself seeing, and he desired me to think no more of you; he was about to introduce me to a young lady, between whom and myself, her father and my uncle had planned a marriage. I loved my uncle much, but not the sacrifice of a lifetime of happiness; and when I again saw you, I asked you to become my wife. It is to see this uncle that I am now going to England.

"We have been happy, Mary! in no situation could we be more satisfied with each other than we have been; but I am pained to see you toil, as you are now compelled to, and our children should have other advantages than we can afford them; and I am now going to my uncle to tell him what a kind, dear wife you have been to me, and what beautiful children have been given me. I feel assured that he will receive me kindly; but if he does not, we can still live, though this journey will cost me all we have yet acquired. I have recently been preparing myself to engage in a pursuit which will bring us a better income than we have hitherto received; so do not be discouraged, Mary, when I tell you that our cottage is sold! I was obliged to part with it to raise the sum of money that I needed. One hundred dollars I leave with you; so do not need anything in my absence, and be happy when I am gone. I have been again to your room, Mary! but you are still quietly sleeping. Do not think me unkind, when you read this, that I did not wake you to say Farewell! I cannot break your slumbers! You will learn in the morning that I am gone, when you place the Bible on the breakfast table.

"Farewell, my darling Mary; keep up a good heart while I am gone! the three or four months of separation will soon be passed.

HENRY."

Willie soon overtook the butcher, but the little fellow had so hurried for fear he should reach him too late to regain the lamb, that he was unable to make known his request. He could only thrust the money into Mr. Brown's hand, and look wistfully into his face. The butcher readily comprehended his meaning. He was a kind-hearted man, and he had been half inclined, ever since leaving Mrs. Stanwood's door, to send Dick back with the lamb; for he had seen how hard it was for the lady, as well as the children to part with it. He unbowed him very willingly, but bade Willie carry the money back to his mother. The little fellow who had now recovered his breath refused to take it. His mother had a whole roll of money now, some which his father had left her; she had just found it, and a letter he wrote to her before he went away.

Mrs. Stanwood sat weeping for joy over her husband's letter, when the merry voices of her children were heard approaching the cottage door, and taking her babe in her arms, she hurried out to meet them. Harry and Cossie were in high frolic, and so interested were the other children in the sport, and so boisterous was their mirth, that the sound of carriage wheels was not heard; and no one observed who was approaching the house, until strong arms were encircling Mrs. Stanwood and her babe, and the earnest, loving eyes of her husband were fixed on her countenance. There was joy and grief too, in his expression, for the pale thin face told him how she had suffered in his absence.

"Mary, why do I find you thus?" he asked.

"Oh, Henry," she sobbed, "until this morning I had forgotten Heaven!"

"And you have just found my letter! My poor wife how you must have suffered!"

The children came crowding about their father, all but Harry; he sat very contentedly in the arms of a stranger, a noble, gentlemanly-looking man of sixty years, who was saying to the little fellow—

"And so your name is Henry Stanwood! Well, that's mine too!" and the uncle was introduced to his niece and her children.

The old gentleman had received his nephew with open arms, his disobedience having long ago been forgiven, and had accompanied him to America with the intention of making his home with the young man. The cottage was repurchased of Squire Jilison, and in a beautiful site on the broad lands, were added to the little garden, a handsome residence has been erected, over the green lawn surrounding which may yet be seen straying the now staid and sober, but still favorite Cossie.

There was but one individual in Oakdale who did not rejoice in the return of Mr. Stanwood and the prosperity of her family. For a long time Mr. Owen was very shy of him; and to this day, the dread of Mr. Stanwood has kept him from the contemptible practices of which he was formerly guilty.

"LITTLE BOY WANTED."—Such is the label appended to a little coat, swinging at the door of a clothing store in Greenwich st. A melancholy facetiousness, particularly when one sees a thousand urchins every day, upon whose tattered jackets might be chalked, with a great deal of propriety, "little coat wanted."

There moves a funeral cortege, drawn like a dark thread through the gay embroidery of Broadway; and there's a mother there, whose heavy heart is beating all the while to the thought, "little boy wanted."

There goes a mother through the crowd, bearing upon her head a stained coffin, for a little morsel of her heart, that lies cold and still, in the only room at home. How legible the words in those sad eyes, "little boy wanted." Age, tottering on its way, murmurs to itself, "little boy wanted." Years and years ago, a blue-eyed lad had gone "down to the sea," and was never heard of more. He was an only son, and she was a widow. Pictures in the memory never grow old, and so through all these weary years, when the eyes grow dim with watching, "the homeward bound," it has ever been, "will ever be, 'little boy wanted.'—N. Y. Tribune.

An Aged Printer—The founder of the Cincinnati Gazette.

The Piqua Register, of Thursday, says:

One of the oldest living printers resides in this county, near Tippicanoe. His name is Freeman. He published a paper in Cincinnati called Freeman's Journal, prior to the establishment of The Liberty Hall, which was subsequently blended with the Cincinnati Gazette, the name of which is still retained on the weekly issues of the last named paper. Mr. Freeman must be nearly or quite 90 years old. The Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette is now in its 61st volume, which makes the establishment of Freeman's Journal somewhere about or previous to 1790.

There is food for reflection, in looking from the present to the period when this pioneer disciple of Faust threw the light of the Press into the wilds of the West. From a small sheet, not as large as many of our present most insignificant country papers, the successors of this have gradually grown to dailies of the first class. A newspaper is typical of the wants and resources of a people. Much has been sacrificed by the conductors of the Press in making it what it is, and much is due from the people for their untiring zeal and energy—a far greater amount than will be realized from public gratitude or the most liberal future patronage.

A party of southern "bloods" came to Philadelphia, and put up at a first class hotel. Having a room in the third story, they engaged in a spree of the most aggravated character. Having become about as drunk as they very well could be, they rang for more liquor. A black waiter came up, but did not bring the kind asked for. So one of the party coolly took hold of the poor darkey and threw him out of the doorway and the side him below. Presently the landlord rushed up, exclaiming that they had killed his waiter. "Oh never mind," said the offending "bloods," "put it in the bill!"

A sein hauler took from the Ohio river, opposite Lewis & Eichelberger's old mills, the other day, a barrel of flour, which from all appearances had been under water for years past. The hoops were decayed and the staves green with moss. Yet, with the exception of about three inches of dough adhering to the staves and heading, the flour was in as good condition as when rolled from the mill. A sample of the flour was left at our office.

Lawrence's Press, 146.

He who learns the rules of wisdom, without conforming to them in his life, is like a man who labors in his fields, but did not sow.—Psalms. For.